

## THE VAGRANT

Ye men of peaceful quietudes  
And city-girded schemes,  
Who never heard a wind at night  
Fill up with lonely dreams—  
Awed by the little trail ye wend  
Among the plotting marts,  
Ye pity me whose life must run  
The way of roving hearts.

But o'er the hilltops of the world  
Through sun and rain I roam,  
With every living thing my  
friend,

With every place my home—  
Ye tread the guarded days of  
earth,

Ye see the fireside shine—  
But mountain, star and lonely  
night

And flaming dawns be mine!

I see the far horizons lure  
With ever widening goal,  
I set my face into the storms  
That pacify my soul;  
I play where silver rivers  
run,

I dream upon the sod,  
And round my sleep a bird, a  
flower,  
Make melodies for God.

Ye tender pilgrims whose  
delight

Grows round a city door,  
How shall ye mate with  
earth at last

That ye knew not before?  
But I—ah, I shall be at home  
When to the dust I pass,  
Since all my hearth and  
home has been  
The Tavern of the Grass!

Tests show that the air in

the crowded sleeping quarters of  
battleships is purer than that of  
the average residence ashore.

Magnesium is the basis of a  
new metal said to be but two-  
thirds as heavy as aluminum.

Kings, getting mighty scarce,  
but the queens, God bless 'em,  
why, we have 'em everywhere!

### The Wurst Way.

"Feed the baby on sausage,"  
says our German friend, "It's the  
only way to weiner."

### Some Snake.

"The snake is a huge specimen,  
measuring 6 feet 14 inches in cir-  
cumference."—Galveston News.

